apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that ere I heard.

Fer. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clow. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clow. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginity: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid ſhall not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clow. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra come on.

Clow. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, & *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a Man of great ſpirit

growes